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monastic order for the honor of their founder, or by a repentant chief or remorseful captain for atonement of his sins. Until this is thoroughly understood, we can never hope to estimate early art aright, or properly to direct our efforts after any such employment of art for public purposes as may now-a-days be possible.

But, besides the instructive uses of the Arundel publications, they have a conservative value. By means of this society, if its numbers and means were extended enough, much might be done to preserve by faithful copies the hundreds of admirable frescoes now disappearing, partly from time, but more from neglect or ill-usage, from the walls of almost every town in Lombardy and Central Italy. In furtherance of this excellent object, the society announce as in contemplation the following publications:

"St. Catherine borne to the Tomb by Angels, a fresco by Luini, in the Brera Gallery at Milan.

"The four frescoes by the same great master, in the Church of Saronno.

"The Annunciation, the Nativity, and Christ disputing with the Doctors, by Pinturicchio, at Spello.

"The frescoes of Francesco Francia and Lorenzo Costa, in the chapel of S. Cecilia, at Bologna.

"The 'Paradiso' of Orcagna, in the church of S. Maria Novella, at Florence.

"A very interesting fresco by Ottaviano Nelli, at Gubbio.

"The celebrated fresco of Giovanni Sanzio, containing the portrait of his son Raphael, at Cagli.

"The 'Life of St. Augustine,' a series of frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli at S. Gimignano.

"The frescoes by the same painter in the Riccardi Chapel at Florence.

"The works of Simone Memmi, Ambrogio Lorenzetti, Taddeo Bartolo, and others of the Siennese school."

Of these, two of the frescoes of Pinturicchio at Spello are already in the hands of Mr. Vincent Brookes for the next annual publication of the society.

We earnestly hope that the remarkable publication just issued will add largely to the numbers of the society, which already counts more than 800 subscribers. Those who feel an interest in early art, and are anxious to aid in preserving faithful records of its master-pieces, should lose no time in forwarding their guineas to Mr. Norton, the Secretary of the Arundel Society, at 24 Old Bond street. They will certainly, if we may judge from the present publication, have no reason to complain of an insufficient return for their money, leaving out of account all considerations of the instructive or conservative value of the society's labors.

Two functionaries of the Imperial Library, at Paris, have published some facts with a view to show what trouble ignorant applicants give them. A commercial traveller, on being told by some English acquaintance that McCulloch's Dictionary was the work he should study, wrote on the usual schedule, "Dictionnaire commercial de ma culotte." "Le Roland d'Aristote," "Le mille de jan jao," "Les Néréides de Virgile," were specimens of the books demanded. In winter crowds come to sit at the tables for the purpose of warming themselves in the cozy atmosphere of the hall, and one having been supplied with a quarto, called for an additional volume in folio. "On what subject?" "Oh, n'importe! Let it be a good sized one; I only want to sit on it, as I am not high enough."

The museum of Dordrecht (Holland) has just received a letter from the executors of the late M. Ary Scheffer, informing them that the great artist has bequeathed to his native town the following works of art; The portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Scheffer; a dog lying down, life size, by the same; a copy of a picture of "Christ Rémunérateur," on pasteboard, of the size of the original in England; and a copy of the picture of "Christ Consolateur," both by the deceased painter; the statue in plaster representing the mother of Scheffer, and executed by

the painter; a plaster bust of his mother, executed by himself; the bust of Ary Scheffer, by his daughter; and the "Virgin and Infant Jesus," in plaster, by himself. There are only three copies of this in plaster, and none in marble. After the death of the daughter of M. Ary Scheffer, the statue and bust of his mother, and the bust of himself, which are copies of the originals in marble, are to be destroyed and replaced by the originals, now in the possession of the daughter. The town of Dordrecht, proud of having given birth to so celebrated an artist, proposes to erect a statue to his memory, and a committee has been formed to carry out the project.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1858.

Sketchings.

ART ON THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

In relation to the art applied to the Capitol-extension at Washington, there are so many points that excite discussion, a brief and just allusion to them is scarcely possible. The Capitol is a fertile text; it embodies already in a tangible form successes and failures enough to illustrate, amply, every principle that pertains to the public encouragement of art. To make a full statement of art-operations at the Capitol, to criticise works produced as well as the means employed to obtain them, would require much space and more knowledge of details than we possess; it is sufficient for our purpose to specify certain works and the principles, visible through these works, the relation of which all can understand who are familiar with the art at the Capitol, the subject of Art and the Art resources of the country. In the first place as to the sculpture. We repeat what we have stated before, that the various works in this department of Art that have been provided for the extension, are due to sounder judgment and more comprehensive intention, than is apparent in any of the previous acts of government, in relation to national art. The commissions for the pediment group, the statue of America, etc., by Crawford, the Bronze Doors, by Rogers, and works by Rinehart and others (all American sculptors) have been most judiciously bestowed; these gentlemen were fully entitled to them, subject to the conditions on which they were granted. It is not necessary to enlarge upon the fact, that the productions of these artists are not equal to the master-pieces of Phidias or Michael Angelo, nor do they open a door to comparative criticism; all we have to consider is, whether their works are in anywise meritorious and in any degree satisfactorily representative of the native artistic ability of the age in which the Capitol is built. We have no hesitation in stating our opinion, that they are so. Other commissions might have fallen upon American artists besides those named, equally deserving in every respect, but the non-action of the government towards these artists comes under the head of sins of omission—a consideration of these mistakes may be postponed to a more fitting opportunity.

Secondly, as to the painting on the walls of the Capitol, so justly censured. As examples of decoration—not of art—some of the committee-rooms are beautiful, while others are decided failures. With a fuller knowledge of the art-resources of the country, more satisfactory results could have been effected with the same money. That Congress, however, at the time the Capitol extension was projected, would have sanctioned the proper plan for bringing

about these results, we much doubt. It seems necessary to have mistakes embodied in visible form, in order to force Congress to recognize Art at all. So far as our painters are concerned, we have them equal in artistic rank to any of the sculptors that have been employed on the Capitol-extension; if they could have been compensated for their labor as satisfactorily as the sculptors have been, they would have cheerfully undertaken corresponding works for its decoration.

To give our readers an idea of the decoration referred to above, we copy from the *Independent* a description of two of the committee-rooms, with comments:

The hall of the Naval Committee is covered in fresco with gods and goddesses, Neptune, Thetis, Nymphs, Tritons, marine horses, and all manner of amphibious monsters. Have we no naval history? Were there no naval victories or discoveries to celebrate? From Columbus, and Gama, and Gilbert, to the May Flower; from Lawrence, Perry, and Decatur, to Fulton and Steers; from the caraval to the clipper-ship; from the ocean steamer to the lonely Resolute, ice-bound in an Arctic sea;—was there nothing in American history to save these Christian walls from an eruption of stale mythology? "Marine horses!" indeed. The correspondent of the *Tribune* has well remarked, that horse-marines would have been more appropriate.

The Agricultural Committee-room is really no better, though the subjects treated there are partly historical. An Italian Putnam is put in comparison with an Academic Classical (?) Cincinnatus.

The ceiling is loaded with a senseless tangle of finery, which entirely destroys the repose and dignity of the apartment. The eye and mind rest nowhere, but are harassed by images of flying, tumbling, and reclining Cupids, involved in a wilderness of garlands, in which, of course, there is no special reference to the American Flora. They also are classical.

Yet, in this very room, and overlaid by these idealities, (!) are two small pictures which show what might be made of American Agriculture as a subject for Art. They very admirably represent the old and modern methods of reaping, by the sickle and by the machine. What an agriculture we have, with our cotton and our corn, our rice and sugar-cane, our wheat, and rye, and tobacco. What variety of fruit, and grain, and roots; of climate, soil, and scenery, for their production; of means and methods for planting, harvesting, curing, and storing—from the cider-mill to the cotton-gin; from the threshing-floor to the sugar-boilers—what a world of picturesque material, of fresh, original, and vigorous activity! It is bitter stupidity which overlooks this seeming life of a continent for Cupids and garlands.

It promises well for American Art that our representatives at Washington are beginning seriously to interest themselves in the decoration of the Capitol. The importance of the work can hardly be over-estimated. The architectural plan of the new building (for a new building it will be, and not properly an extension of the old one) provides a multitude of panels for paintings, and niches for busts and statues. The two pediments of the wings will accommodate each a group of from ten to twenty colossal figures, and many doors and planes are to be adorned with high or low relief. Many generations will pass before we can have such another National School of Design, and many years will be required for the completion of the work. It should be done by Americans on American soil, and, as far as possible, the materials employed should be our own, and prepared for use by our own workmen. By this policy we shall place on a firm footing not only representative Art, but many a tributary branch of industry.

The Convention of Artists at Washington, in March last, was in itself an indication that Art is to be a power in the land. They united to memorialize Congress praying for the appointment of an Art Commission, to consist of non-competing artists and artistically edu-

cated laymen, who shall control the decoration of public buildings, and see to it that the best mind and life of the country are represented in it. Their prayer was referred to a Select Committee, and is still under consideration. It is discussed in public and private circles. It is just and reasonable. It is essential to success that men skilled in artistic principles and practices should be placed at the head of an enterprise of such magnitude, that they should direct and not follow the operations of engineers. The artists offer to assume the responsibility. Let the people see to it that their offer is accepted; that gods and goddesses, allegories and mythologies, painted by the yard or the day, give place to the men and deeds of America, for the value of our National History is not to be measured by donation of time, but by the spirit and principles embodied in it.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

J. H. MATTESON, of Sherburne, N. Y., has lately completed a picture, entitled "Planting the church in America." The work is thus described in a Chenango County paper.

About the year 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert was granted the first charter for a colony by the Crown of England. He landed at St. John's Harbor, took possession of the country 300 leagues around in every direction, and published laws for the government of the territory and for the establishment of public worship according to the Church of England. It was the custom of Master Woolfall, "a learned man," who sailed with Martin Frobisher, to administer the holy communion on shore wherever they touched. In the centre of the scene, Master Woolfall is administering the sacrament to a kneeling girl, whose youth and beauty typify the freshness and purity of the early Church. The scene is laid in a forest amid stately trees; a rude altar has been erected; in the background the boats may be seen from which the party have just landed, and the light is that of a day of clear serenity in the woods. There are about forty human figures in the picture. A little in the rear of the Master stands Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the hero of the expedition, joining in the devotions and holding a prayer-book in his hands. Still back stands a soldier in full armor, on guard, and two Indians are silent spectators of the scene, before they knew the white man for his cruelty, and then only recognized him as worshipping Him whom they ignorantly worshipped, as the Great Spirit who had spread abroad the forests, and given to them to chase the deer in undisturbed freedom. Other kneeling figures, male and female, are pressing forward to partake in turn. In the left hand corner, sitting upon a rock, the historian of the expedition, Stephen Parmenius Budeius, a learned Hungarian, is recording the incidents of the moment. Opposite, in the distance, is a group of sailors and laborers, just landed from the boat, and at the right of the main figure, in various attitudes of devotion, are male and female forms, while in the right hand corner a family group is seen—a man supporting his wife, weary and exhausted with a long voyage, and a little boy fallen partly asleep upon his father's knee. In the foreground two lads are left to express the juice from some wild grapes which they have gathered from the trees. Prominent at the head of the altar is erected a pillar of wood inscribed with the arms of England.

Boston, Sept. 16, 1858.

Dear Crayon:

MR. AMES is engaged upon a subject, entitled "Maud Muller," from Whittier's popular poem of that name. Mr. Ball has a statuette of Henry Clay on exhibition at Cotton's, and a fine crayon head of Ames, the artist, by C. A. Barry, is to be seen at Everett's. D. C. Johnson still produces works of humor as of old; and his son is constantly improving in his profession of a Crayon artist. Miss Lander is in the city, modelling a bust of Governor Gore, from Col. Trumbull's picture. The bust is for Harvard Library, and will be carried to Italy, and put into

marble there. Miss Lander's statuette of "Virginia Dare" has arrived; but is not on exhibition. Miss L. intends to sail for Italy on the 15th of October. J.

H. K. Brown has lately completed a bust of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, and is about to model a bust of General Scott.—Paul Akers is now in this country, having lately returned from Rome. Mr. Akers is to open a studio in this city, sometime during the approaching winter.—Huntington is expected home the early part of this month. During his stay in London, Mr. Huntington arranged for an engraving, by Barlow, of his picture of Mercy's Dream.—Casilear arrived the early part of last month. He is to occupy a studio in the Tenth street building.

The *Literary Gazette*, in an article on American Landscape Painting, says, truly,

"Every country has its own scenery; and in its highest development we are inclined to believe it can only be painted by a native or a denizen of the country. The accomplished landscape-painter may present the most picturesque features of the theatre of his latest tour, whether it has been in Italy or in Spain, in Egypt or in Conneara, and the exhibition visitor may be pleased and satisfied. But the resident will be conscious of the want of a certain local coloring; and if the same scene be afterwards represented by a native artist of competent ability, all will recognize the difference, and admit the superiority."

The article from which the above extract is made, is excited by an exhibition in London of the several works by Mr. Cropsey, who is now resident there. The article is written in an excellent and discriminating spirit. The writer says: "We are glad to welcome in Mr. Cropsey a true American landscape-painter—the most thoroughly national and characteristic of any American whose works we have seen." The works exhibited are, "Scene on the Delaware;" "Lake Ontario, sunset;" "View of New York;" "View of Newport, R. I.;" "The approach to the White Mountains;" "American Fall—Niagara," etc.

GLEANNINGS A D ITEMS.

The Boston correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer* thus discourses aptly and soundly on Art, with the British Exhibition for a text:

One of the most prominent characteristics of this modern "British Art," . . . is its attempt at minute literal fidelity to nature. In landscapes, in dry goods, furniture, flesh, animals, the object seems to be to copy nature just as exactly as possible. Whether this idea has arisen from a repugnance to the intense school, which sacrifices everything to a single effect, or whether it has grown up from a fear that the photograph is to rival Art, it has evidently had possession of many of the artists whose works are here exhibited, who have sacrificed to it an amount of skill and labor marvellous in itself, and perfectly astounding in its misapplication. How men can have acquired such ability, and having acquired it, how they can be willing to so throw it away for nothing, or not see that they throw it away for nothing, passes comprehension. Is there anything in the "British" organization which will never let their artists lose sight of themselves in their art, and which forever leads them into the mistake of showing what they can do, rather than doing it?

It is an old simple truth, and one that every true artist feels instinctively, that a literal copy of nature, even if it could ever be attained, would still be very poor art. For art implies an artist, and it is that artist's *intention* which we must feel, and which we do feel, whatever he chooses to do. If he makes a literal copy, characterless, minute and labored to the last degree, we feel for him, and give him as much praise as he deserves. But if he shows nature through the veil

of a poetic imagination, lets us see her as he would clothe her; in form, in color, with a meaning which she does not have to common minds, then we give him the praise of being an artist in a nobler sense; he suggests, elevates, and teaches us how to look on nature in a new light.

A photograph, even of the finest, is, after all, a cold affair. I never see one without a feeling of looking at something that has been frozen to death. Nature there may be herself in every lineament, but it is living nature, no more. "She speaks, yet she says nothing." To let us see actual ruins or historic places just as they really are, is all the photograph can do for us; beyond that, its magic mirror has no soul. . . . Not all the photographs in the world could ever educate a school of pupils, or a people into a taste in art, except in so far as the subjects might be artistically chosen. Nature herself instructs only a few, and if it were not for them, we should most of us be (in Cowper's language) like "brutes that graze upon the mountain-top, with faces prone

And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them; or recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate, heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main."

For an artist to aim at literalness is a low aim, in that the better it is done, the more we are distracted from the scene, and called upon to think of his mere skill of hand and eye. This is the case with some of the most laboriously executed works in this collection. There is the constantly obtrusive finish, the hard lines, the unsoftened garnish, dazzling contrasts of color, often apparently chosen to show how unpleasant discordance can be employed, if not reconciled. Everything is brought out and forward to the last degree; a red-cheeked baby floats in flowers that are all striving to "come to the front," churches shine through trees, and you may spend hours, nay days, in counting the bricks and the boughs; the trees have all the most minute cracks and discolorations of their bark, and as all parts of the bark are alike striving to get at you; the trunks of the trees are as flat as board. It is no new criticism to say that all this is not in a very high walk of art; but it is common and taking, and always will be so, and when the true artist sees it come up and flourish, he has no resource of consolation, except in such philosophy as that of Lessing:

"Meantime, it cannot be denied that this propensity to an ostentatious display of address and sleight of hand, unenobled by any value in the object, has too deep a foundation in our nature to remain wholly inert under any condition of the public taste."

While I have opened Lessing, I see another sentence which will touch another characteristic of this "British" art. "It was," he says:

"The ambition of the Grecian painter that his works should enchant by the mere perfection of the object which they presented apart from his own workmanship; and his pride was too elevated to stoop to gratify the humble taste for a likeness skillfully caught, or draw attention to himself by the sense of difficulty overcome."

But it has not been the ambition of many of these artists to imitate the Grecians in these respects. They choose subjects not for their beauty, or for what could be made of them in themselves, but to *illustrate* something outside of themselves. They do not tell their own story; there is a group or a scene which is nothing striking or beautiful in itself, and we do not know what it means till we examine the catalogue. . . . Again, the story or scene usually chosen for illustration, if anything in the grand or terrible way is attempted, is selected with a view to move the beholder with grief—to make a pang in his heart, and, if possible, to oblige him to use his pocket-handkerchief. I wonder that some of the modern artists who have such command of technical difficulties, cannot soar above this. What shall be the rank of such a picture as the *Huguenots*, when all is done? And there is a *LADY JANE GRAY* on the scaffold, with her eyes bound, that has lately come into the windows, which I confess I

must turn away from.* If this is Art, painters need never lack subjects for pictures; there are griefs and sorrows "too numerous to enumerate" anywhere in the world. But it is *not* Art. It is merely a cheap way of exciting sympathy by sentimentalism over the common calamities of life. The soldier is dead, and the poor girl has fainted reading the gazette; and the linen, which is linen itself, is not ironed, and the paper on the wall might almost have been done with a block. Do not let us quarrel with all this; we shall always have plenty of it, and it may be necessary, to keep the common heart tender, to be always pricking it. But let us distinguish; and let us have a little of that spirit in Art "which lies too high for tears."

INFLUENCE OF ART.—In addressing the students of the School of Design, at the distribution of prizes in the Edinburgh National Gallery, Sir John Stuart Forbes, referred to the opening available for general improvement by the extended cultivation of Art among ourselves. Although the heathen poet had long ago proclaimed that it softened the manners, and prevented man from becoming brutal, it had been reserved for the present age fully to recognize and act upon the principle that the love of what was physically beautiful in nature and Art was generally accompanied by a delicate refinement of temperament, eschewing what was degrading and disgusting, so that the Christian philosopher and philanthropist could cordially cooperate in the wholesome culture of intellectual power with the object of political and social renovation. In this country the two great modifying engines of progress at present might be considered the increase of machinery, which, by relieving vast numbers of the community from manual operations, rendered it imperative on them to cultivate their intellect, so as to make them useful to the community in positions where the higher powers were brought into play. The second was the facility of communication, which by bringing our colonies as well as foreign countries more closely into connection with us, widened the field of employment, and opened channels for sudden alterations in position, for the advantages of which every man should endeavor to prepare himself. In that preparation, next to sound principles, nothing was perhaps more important than a well-grounded and well-applied knowledge of the Fine Arts. Drawing was now justly considered as the best introduction to the essential acquisition to the art of writing; but the correctness of eye and hand attained by its acquirement rendered it in other respects of the utmost importance in the business of life.

PRO AND CON.—"My curiosity had been roused to the highest pitch by the brilliant rhetoric of Ruskin. I found the enthusiasm of Turner's eloquent admirer fully justified, and the diverse estimates of other critics satisfactorily explained. Like all men of genius, Turner arrived at the most splendid triumphs through experiment. He seems to have thrown the whole force of artistic intelligence and manifold endeavor into the world of light and color, by living therein, sometimes extravagantly dallying with tints, at others seizing on the law of perspective, now patiently observant, and again boldly adventurous, until he wrested the secret, and caught the manner of nature. Certain it is, that "The Misty Morning" and "The Ruins of Carthage" are the greatest conceivable triumphs in aerial perspective. The very idea of distance and imitation is lost in the consciousness of reality."—*H. T. Tuckerman's Month in England*.

"There can be no doubt that Turner is a man of genius—at any rate, a man of great knowledge of the theoretical principles of Art—but in the few specimens to be seen of him in the Vernon Gallery, there is not a glimmer of it. One can hardly doubt, from what we hear, that Turner has made some good pictures, though I was not so fortunate as to see one. The view of Venice, in the same collection, when helped out by an engraver better than the painter, makes a good picture; but as a picture done in oil, it is but a series of crude masses of pink paint. The predominant impression made upon the eye is paint, paint—what piles of paint! No transparency, no hiding of Art,

* By Delacroix.

no grace, no delicacy, nothing like atmosphere—but mists or fogs instead—nothing but piles of gaudy paint, which the ripening of centuries can never mellow down into an agreeable harmony. There can be no rashness in the prophecy, that before a half century shall have passed, his now most famous works will have lost their charm—will never be remembered for those indescribable delicacies and truth of hues, those aerial tints which constitute the lasting elements of all landscape painting—never by his color or the nice mechanics of his Art, but solely by his designs, transmitted to posterity by the greater genius of some engraver."—*William Ware's European Capitals*.

TRUMBULL GALLERY IN YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN.

Mr. Editor :

Sir,—The author of an article in a late number of your paper under the above heading, has made a criticism in many respects just, but not entirely so. It should be remembered that the pictures in the north room of the Trumbull Gallery (embracing Col. Trumbull's pictures) remain exactly as they were originally arranged by the artist himself in 1832. The small oil miniatures, than which nothing more valuable as characteristic of the artist remains, were framed and labelled, as they now are seen, by Col. Trumbull. And the authorities of the College are, therefore, not to be held accountable for any want of safety which your correspondent may conceive to belong to their present mode of exhibition. We, however, agree with the critic in the propriety of glazing and securing them.

Your correspondent suggests that the Battle of Bunker's Hill and the Death of Montgomery need to be cleaned and new stretched; he also intimates that these, and perhaps some other of the pictures have been varnished with *copal varnish*. In this last suggestion he is entirely wrong. No picture of Col. Trumbull's was ever varnished at all, or in any way cleaned or repaired since they were hung, twenty-five years ago, by the artist. This may be wrong, and the writer is of opinion that several of the pictures need judicious attention. But your critic may rest his soul in ease about the copal varnish. However ignorant of Art the people about the institution may be, they know enough to keep their pictures unvarnished to the end of time, rather than spoil them remedilessly with copal.

As for *repairing and cleaning* the Bunker's Hill or any other of Col. T.'s pictures, *e. g.*, the priceless Washington, who does your correspondent propose to intrust with so delicate a duty?

Those two words, *repair* and *clean*, sound on the ear like the torch and fagot of martyrdom in the memory of the sad things which Art has suffered from the vandals who have accomplished all over the world so much mischief under pretence of repairing and cleaning. Your correspondent may be surprised to learn that there are several pictures in the Trumbull Gallery which never were varnished since they left the artist's easel. Col. Trumbull made many experiments on vehicles, and not always with good results. This is, unfortunately, too true of his full-length Washington, which he painted for the Society of the Cincinnati, and the surface of which is sadly cracked, in consequence of a faulty vehicle. Any judicious artist who is to be charged with the repairs of the Trumbull pictures, must first know from the painter's private memoranda what he used in painting the pictures, or he may do a great mischief. These memoranda we believe are in the hands of his executor, Professor Silliman.

On the whole, the writer is much obliged to your critic for his suggestions; they are timely and well-intended, and will not be lost, for the refitting of the whole Gallery had just been concluded upon. It is a source of real gratification to see, from several signs of late, that a juster appreciation of Col. Trumbull's powers as an artist in historical subjects is taking the place of much that was unjust, and your correspondent deserves praise, and has our thanks for his manly independence in respect to these truly national works. He need have no fears, however unlike Athens Connecticut may yet be, that she will ever forget the "PATRIOT ARTIST"

TRUMBULL.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 6, 1858.

PLAN FOR A NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ART.

From the Washington Union.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE UNION:

As the Capitol extension approaches completion, the attention of those interested in art is turning towards its walls in the hope of seeing the prominent incidents of our national history, and the deeds of the fathers and sustainers of the country worthily recorded in its many panels and niches.

For a comparatively small annual appropriation, the ambition of artists could be aroused; many a one now languishing for want of adequate employment judiciously encouraged—much talent lying dormant, might be developed, and a national school grow up under the fostering influence of government, which, in a few years, would take rank with any the world has yet seen; incited and vivified by our free institutions, until it would become the exponent of the age—a reflection of the great thoughts and achievements of the people, expressing, in imperishable materials, those themes and acts most worthy of perpetuation.

In view of this, a systematized plan should be adopted, by which all the art-talent of this nation could be solicited in competition, and each aspiring artist participate in the strife for Congressional favor, without being subjected to humiliating, importuning, or compelled to solicit the aid of political friends in moving diplomatic machinery. Art, literature, and science should be exempt from such ordeals, so little in keeping with the independence of their mission.

It is proposed, therefore, that instead of the occasional sums heretofore devoted to art illustration in the public buildings, there shall be a stated sum annually appropriated, two-thirds of which shall be devoted to procuring pictures, bas-reliefs, and statues for the vacant spaces. That all may have equal advantages, let a general concourse of the artists of the country be announced, such as is convened in France whenever a work of any magnitude is projected; the conditions extensively advertised, with some such prominent ideas as the following: The number, dimensions, and locations of the panels, spaces, or niches, shall be specified. For these, artists are invited to make designs, leaving the subjects and treatment entirely free. But each design or composition shall not exceed a given size—say five feet square—not be less than two feet. Within these dimensions, the proportions may be such as each artist desires, for the best expression of his composition. The themes to be carefully executed in a cartoon, an oil or water-color study, or by a plaster design or model. These, at a stated time, shall be exhibited to the public at Washington for one month. After which, a committee of nine, composed of three members of Congress, three prominent authors, and three artists, one from the Society of Arts at Washington, one from the Pennsylvania Academy, and one from the National Academy of Design, appointed by these respective bodies, shall decide on the merits of the works submitted. Those most worthy in design and execution to receive the government commissions; and all others, from a certain standard and upwards, to be purchased by the other third of the appropriation at a price which shall simply reward, by a regulated scale of compensation, the artists for their time.

These works, all of which will illustrate some incident, anecdote of history, or point of biography, becoming the property of the nation, can be preserved in a hall appropriated to them, and in process of time the country will possess a most interesting collection of historical statues, studies, and pictures, eminently illustrative of the progress of art, and obtained at a small cost.

At a later period, in connection with this gallery, a bureau of engraving might be organized, in which the best talent of the country could be employed to engrave the most important of these works in styles according with the subject and execution—from a woodcut and an etching to an elaborate line engraving; the proceeds of the sales of whose impressions would go far towards reimbursing the original outlay of government, if judiciously managed.

In this way there could be no favoritism; nor could any class of artists complain that they were treated with neglect; no clique or fictitious reputation would stand in the way of unknown talent. Artists of the highest grade would compete, knowing their time would receive compensation; the traditional sensitiveness of the profession would be wholly appeased, while a national school would be engendered and fostered, which, in time, would redound to the dignity of art and the glory of the nation. Let government but take the initiative with a liberal spirit, and the artists will not be wanting in zeal, fervor, or patriotism.

T. P. ROSSITER.

ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT.

The propriety of extending the protection of copyright to artists, after long agitation in England, has at length been urged before Parliament, by Lord Lyndhurst, in presenting a petition on the subject. So frequent and notorious have become the instances in which paintings and pieces of statuary have been multiplied by copies, often executed with such skill as to deceive any but practised connoisseurs, that the value of an original picture, whether in the hands of the artist or of the purchaser, is very materially lessened. The manufacture of these spurious copies has, in fact, become a regular trade, not only in England, but in all countries where artists are not protected by law, and is carried on with a carelessness and exactness of detail which imply a high degree of perfection in the workmen. The size of the original, and all its details, down to the monogram of the artist, are faithfully imitated, and the picture, multiplied to an indefinite extent, goes forth frequently as an original work—frequently as a duplicate by the artist, or is unblushingly announced as an unauthorized copy. The “inferior artists,” as they are considerably called, who execute these copies, sometimes have a technical skill and a nicety of manipulation which would render them great painters or sculptors, if they possessed genius, or had a true feeling for their art.

The injury to the artist, which the encouragement of this trade may produce, is too evident to be questioned; but there are also instances in which he violates his contract with the purchaser, which may prove equally injurious to the latter. Lord Lyndhurst, in the course of his remarks, mentioned a case in point. A lady of very large fortune, who is understood to be Miss Burdett Coutts, purchased a picture from an artist for £600, on the understanding that it should not be copied; and she was very much astonished, on going to the Manchester Exhibition a few years afterwards, to find there a painting which, with the exception of some of the subordinate details, was an exact copy of her own.

It has been said in reference to this very case, that the picture was painted by the artist in duplicate, in his own interest and for his own profit, and that the repetition of favorite works by the artists themselves is usual, both in painting and in sculpture. Undoubtedly they frequently execute copies of their favorite works, but unless they do so previous to disposing of the original, or by the authority of the purchaser, they have violated an understanding with him, implied, if not always expressed. The value of a picture diminishes as copies of it are multiplied, and the reputation by the painter of the subject, after it has passed into the possession of another, is too palpable an appropriation of his property to admit of doubt.

A sense of honor would, doubtless, restrain most artists from thus infringing the rights of their purchasers; but as all may not be so scrupulous, the propriety of making a bill for the protection of artists, including the seeming contradiction of a provision for protection against themselves, might well be urged, whenever the measure seems likely to become a law.—*Evening Post.*

WHY SO FEW SUCCEED.

LIFE is a continued battle in which defeat is suffered more often than victory is won. Along its flinty path the footprints of disaster are everywhere seen, and by the wayside are thickly strewed the graves of the fallen. Why is it that so few succeed? Why is the

hope with which youth set out so often desolated, and the goal of ambition so rarely reached?

The strife is too often commenced without preparation for the struggle. The young, impulsive, and ardent, think they have but to reach forth their hand to pluck the fruit that, like the apples of the Hesperides, is only to be gained after the highest endurance, and the most patient perseverance. Seldom does genius give the tongue of flame that secures distinction almost without effort. Toilsome study and persistent investigation, and patient experiment are the only modes of realizing a power to create, or even to recombine, so as to subdue new elements to human use. Moses alone smote the rock, so that the waters flashed out upon the sands of the desert; but how, step by step, with progress so toilsome that the snail's was rapid in comparison, did the great thinkers and noble inventors proceed, who at last have given the waves of the sea a tongue! Hereafter their voice utters a language that the rejoicing shores shall understand; but though the glorious consummation was unexpected, the preparation had been the work of many minds during years of alternate triumph and disappointment.

Physical as well as mental training is necessary for the accomplishment of life victories. But when the intellect is well cultivated, the bodily energies are often uncultivated. The mind, like friction upon a machine not lubricated, wears out the mechanism of the body, and its growing weakness and disorder nullify the power it envelops. How often a blanched cheek, emaciated limbs, and feeble muscles mark the successful student, who drops into the grave when he is about to reach the goal of his aspirations! We of America have much to learn on this point. A system of intellectual forcing culture—a habit of putting boys to the business of men—has produced a species of precocity which, however much it may awaken astonishment at the wonderful developments, will leave—nay, has left—manifold evils. At the rate we are now progressing, the time is not far distant when such a thing as boys will be unknown. Now the lads of ten ape the manners of maturity, and the girls of a lesser age are often women in all but physical development. The one criticise plays and play-actors, and adopt the excesses of majority; the other talk of beaux and laces, and dress as flippantly as their mothers, and are scarcely less rotund in their proportions.

To the want of physical culture there is also to be added a neglect of moral lessons. What school in America teaches "the Humanities" as they should be taught? Where is principle laid down as the basis of all great effects? virtue, as the guide to all success? honorable action—not in the received sense, which is promptitude in resenting any conceived insult or suspected affront—but honorable action, meaning that squared upon the golden rule, "do unto others as you would they should do unto you," inculcated as the highest guaranty of noble results?

Success achieved, even if it be obtained by chicanery, double-dealing, and all perversity, is cheered by the multitude. And thousands fail, simply because they have a misconceived notion of manliness—a weak appreciation of moral principle.

Our teaching is wrong; our example is wrong; our praise and our censure are often wrong; and the result is that we see fewer and fewer of those men—self-made—strong in rectitude as the eternal truth, firm in principle as the living rock, pure in character as the mountain stream, and vigorous in mind and body as the sturdy oak—who shed honor on our early history.—*N. O. Picaune.*

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

NEAR MILWAUKEE, Aug 7th, 1853.

Dear Crayon:

The happiness of man is still the prime question. What is it? Where is it? How shall we reach it? And while it is a question it will show that we have not yet found it. Mankind is usually divided into two large classes; sometimes as rich and poor, or healthy and unhealthy, or workers and idlers, or fortunate thick-skulls and unfortunate geniuses, or borrowers and lenders; and the author of each new

classification may be safely set down in the miserable half; we may be pretty sure that he considers himself an unfortunate genius, and has borrowed money which he cannot pay. Perhaps writing is a good safety-valve for his misery.

Many people wish to have repose without fatigue; a mind interested without an aim; the sunshine of the morning without the previous darkness, which is its foil. This, of course, cannot be; we must search for our own honey, because we prize very lightly that which is got without effort.

Here, on the brink of Lake Michigan, in a field of white clover, I lie. The hum of the honey-bee floats past me, the air is drowsy above, but from the lake, "which o'er the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes," a hundred feet below, springs a cool breath and tempers the heat. Upon a large grey stone at the edge of the water sits a duck and two ducklings; but now the vigilant eye of *mater-familia* has caught sight of my hat, and noiselessly she leads her little ones out upon the deep. Far away the white sails are dotted along the skyline. This western boundary of Lake Michigan is shifting very fast: the water is unusually high this season; and, washing under at the base of the cliff, which is composed of clay and sand, great pieces tumble down with oats, grass, or trees growing upon them. If this continue, in a few years a man's property may be stolen away, and the thief be allowed to roll about at liberty. But, even in view of this, I say, with truth, I am as happy now as I ever have been, and I have lived thirty years. The reason is simple; and out of it comes a new classification—those who begin life humbly, and those who begin life proudly. The generality of unhappy people whom I have seen, are those who have been too happy when they were young; and the poor, regretful song is, from Goethe downwards, "Give, O give me back my youth." When sitting down at the feast they have begun at the dessert, and rendered their stomachs unfit for plain food. They imagined they were to live always on wine and sweetmeats; and they got disappointed when the brown bread was set before them. The best way, if we could have the choice of it, is to begin low down. To me, youth appears a very miserable time, full of poverty and hard usage. Schooled in adversity, I began early not to expect too much, and for the most part I have been agreeably disappointed—the result exceeding my expectations; the good wine has, providentially, been kept till the last.

It appears strange that any artist should be unhappy—gifted with the perception of beauty—the world filled with beauty for them—the power acquired to seize fragments of this divine thing, and bind them on canvas for half a thousand years! Perhaps the danger is of loving the fame arising from the art, instead of the art itself; as if the fame were the fruit. What would it be to me, if I had seen heaven, whether people believed me or not? What would it be if I could not express myself so well as to convince them perfectly that I had been there? I had still had the blessed vision. The artist has his good in the universe at less cost than any other person. B.

NORTH CONWAY, Aug. 1st, 1853.

Dear Crayon:

WHAT has become of all the artists? Time was when you could not take a stroll or a drive about the mountains without seeing their white umbrellas. I remember to have counted seven artists one fine day making sketches of Mount Washington from North Conway. Not one has been seen here this season—not even CHAMFNEY, for in consequence of severe illness he is not yet at out-door work.

The painters have not exhausted the beauties of Conway; nor is Conway the only beautiful section of the mountains. Vast unexplored regions yet await the adventurous pencil—wild ravines, beautiful cascades, new combinations of mountain form, great gulfs full of mystery and grandeur—not to be successfully rendered at the first attempt.

When at the Glen House last week, we learned that NICHOLS was at work on one of the summits of Carter. We had often wished ourselves on the top of that mountain, rising so darkly and grandly back

of the hotel. When, therefore, we learned that a trail had been spotted and an opening in the woods cut for a view, we determined to make the ascent. Did you ever follow a trail, Mr. Crayon? If so, you know something of the excitement of climbing for two hours alone through the unbroken forest, without any guide, but occasional notches on the trees. About a mile from the Glen House we came to *Nineteen mile Brook* (nineteen miles from somewhere probably). The brook is about six miles long. Another mile brought us to a tree, not spotted like the others, but entirely girdled; this, methought, means something. A want suggested that it might indicate a spring. A little search discovered one, whose delicious water was a refreshment for the short distance which was to be traversed before reaching the summit. There the woodman's axe had felled some noble trees to open a nobler prospect, and the rough logs and branches were piled up to shelter the artist who was here studying nature in this grand solitude.

The study of that hour was of serene beauty and repose, rather than of solemn grandeur. Though the highest eminences of the range were clustered there together, they were sleeping in a delicious rosy-tinted haze, such as is seldom seen in this northern latitude. The Great Gulf and Tuckerman's Ravine were flooded with a deeper hue, while a silver light played on the mountain torrents that poured down from the banks of snow which still lay deep in the great gorges. A fine contrast to this radiant scene was found in another direction, by looking down into the dark gloom of Carter's Notch; while, towards the north, the mountains and lakes of Maine presented a pleasing distant prospect.

As we were sitting near the artist, watching his work, a large eagle came sweeping down from the upper sky and alighted upon a dead tree near. He sat there for some minutes, pluming himself, and gazing around with the air of "I am monarch of all I survey." When informed, by a slight movement, of the presence of the true lords of creation, he took his flight deliberately, majestically, and somewhat disdainfully, we thought, leaving the lesser birds and tamer squirrels to gather about us unmolested.

Towards evening clouds began to gather upon the brow of Mt. Washington, and changed the whole aspect of the monarch to the deepest gloom. Low muttering thunder woke echoes from the sunlit peaks of Jefferson, Madison, and Adams, and threw them into purple shadow which deepened as the clouds gathered blackness, and at last swept over the whole group, shrouding them all in grey. We heard the roar of the rain torrent as it swept across the valley, threatening to drench us on our descent, for the lateness of the hour and the uncertainty of our way forbade us to wait the passing of the shower. It was well that we did not wait, for the rain continued through the night.

On arriving at the Glen House, we heard that SHATTUCK had just passed into the mountains from Gorham, with a young artist, Browns, of Portland, and that they intend sketching here for a season.

CARMINE.

BOOK NOTICES.

ON THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT—(Recent proposal for its revision).—By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D. J. S. Redfield: New York. 1858.

The author of this book is popularly known as the writer of several valuable works on language. The subject of the volume before us has excited of late a great deal of controversy; but most of the controversialists have been much more remarkable for their theological prejudices than for their philological acquirements or gifts. Dr. Trench approaches the subject with that timidity which one might expect from one of his profession addressing an English public, so jealously conservative of everything wearing the mildew of time. We must look to the continent of Europe for a treatise on Biblical translation worthy

of the subject, and up to the advanced researches of the day. England got her Protestantism from the continent; she will also have to get her true interpretation of the Bible from the same place.

Dr. Trench, however, is very competent to deal with the subject, and no one can read this very clever volume without being both instructed and entertained. He confines himself all but exclusively to verbal criticism, and within this limited range he has pointed out a sufficiently large number of blunders in the authorized version of the Bible to warrant a thorough revision and emendation of it. He feels that this must come to pass sooner or later from the nature and extent of the agitation to which the subject has given rise. The difficulty, however, of the undertaking is in providing persons of the suitable capacity and of the right liberality of tone and temper to perform the work. Dr. Trench has no great apprehensions as to the result being favorable, if the work is properly done. He feels, however, like most Englishmen, childishly afraid of disturbing the old beaten ways of the English mind, or of turning it out of its accustomed channels, lest it unreasoning conservatism should degenerate into latitudinarian licentiousness. Yet, even through this dark dream of his, we have gleams of light much worthier a man of his learning and natural power. He thinks, perhaps, that by the fresh impulse of attention to the spirit rather than the letter of the Bible, which the English mind would receive from a rigid revision and emendation of its text, a more effective and vital faith would spring forth, and one that would work down from the mere passive assent of pious indolence to the vigorous practices of a true active Christian life.

In this we accord fully with Doctor Trench, and hope that the work will be speedily undertaken by men as competent as he is himself. The Doctor should have noticed, however that the life of a single generation is short, and that an improved translation will be as familiar to the new generation as the old was to their predecessors. Good, terse, modern English phraseology of the nineteenth century is quite as congenial to good terse piety as that of the seventeenth century, with the additional advantage of being more correct. We therefore go for a revision and emendation of the text of the Bible, but it must be the work of true artists, not tinkers.

Our friend Redfield has given this volume to the public with his accustomed typographical excellence and general correctness, and we hope the work will be read by every lover of sacred literature in the country.

THE AGE: a colloquial satire. By *Philip James Bailey*, author of *Festus*. Boston: TUCKER & FIELDS, 1858. *Author's edition*.

Here are many pungent lines, now of close didactic knitting, now of the veriest slipshod looseness. The alternation sometimes is agreeable, but a little more care of adaptation had been better. In one place we read:

All can write smoothly who can mend a pen,
The art of ushers and their little men.
To write mere verses—never mind if dull,—
Is just as easy as one's name at full.

We don't believe mere smooth writing is as easy as all that, or else a perversity to halt is but a symptom of the determined contrariness of versifiers. Our author frequently betrays himself into mere verse-making, because he finds it an easy pastime, we imagine; or else how could he spoil such a thought as